18:Ingrams G-3 (1934-36)1938 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

and here we stopped on our first journey up, dispossessing a large band of monkeys. This was the first time I had seen them so far east, though we have often seen them north of Aden. As a matter of fact, one rarely meets mammals apart from gazelles and foxes in the Hadhramaut, though lately I was offered a hyena pup in Tarim, and there are wolves, ibex, and oryx. Others prefer for lunch at Reida a house not far away, where if you give an order in advance you can obtain quite well-boiled rice and boiled meat. Our superior friends in the Hadhramaut have named the place Shepheards, principally I think because you are always overcharged there. The first time we passed through the village somebody asked my wife for medicine and was given Epsom Salts. Crowds then came out and stretched forth supplicating hands which were all filled and in this way a pound or two was distributed, but there has never been any ill-feeling about it and relations with the tribe have been uniformly friendly. They have a large tree which is known as the Sanctuary, and under it all the important tribal conferences are held. Here I sat with the elders on a subsequent visit and they signed the general Hadhramaut three-years' truce.

A little beyond Reida you pass into Kathiri territory belonging to the Al Jabir, and the road passes near Risib, where there is a landing-ground. The people of Risib have had a very bad reputation for caravan looting and holding up cars; indeed they fired on cars before ever we came into the country. They were punished for an offence of this nature and are now genuinely among our best friends. My wife and I have stayed with them at their invitation and they entertained us lavishly in their simple way. They told me that they had always believed themselves to be under the protection of the Sultan of Turkey; now their only request is to be helped to find water, and I very much hope that before long it will be possible to help them, as they depend entirely on rain-water and when their pools dry up they have to leave their homes and wander away with their stock elsewhere.

The last sign of permanent life on this road is a little beyond Risib at Heru, where there are a few Sheikhs who have some popular water-holes which last longer than most others on the road and are generally much surrounded with stock. It was a wonderful sight near Heru last year after the heavy rains to see the shallow wadi green from side to side, winding away in each direction apparently fully cultivated. The people never cease to talk of the blessing of peace through which they are able to cultivate far more than they were before, and those heavy rains are universally attributed to the mercy of God manifested as a reward for the peace.

From Heru to Tarim takes four hours and the road is absolutely desolate. Caravans follow a wadi route into the Wadi 'Adim where there is water, for there is not a drop to be had on the route that the cars have to follow, and of course it is usually on this part of the road that one has breakdowns.

I arrived at Tarim at 8.15 in the morning. The *'aqaba* leading down to Tarim is one of the most remarkable engineering constructions in the world. People who know say that no European engineer would attempt it. It consists principally of hairpin bends which you have to reverse to get round, and parts of it have gradients of about 1 in 3 or 4. If you fire a rifle at the top of the *'aqaba* it lets Tarim know you are coming and the whole place troops OUT TO MEET YOU.

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Tarīm are the Ahl Bā Ḥuraiš, also the Tarīm grave-diggers [2], and two fifths to the other ḥaddāmīn. The owner of the house customarily gives some of his portion away, but my informant did not remember exactly how much this is, or to whom it is given. Apart from the foundation sacrifice, the owner will also make a separate ḍiyāfah or entertainment in his own house, killing a sheep or two there.

When you have finished setting in position the beams which act as lintels to the windows, exits, cupboards, etc., on the ground floor, and which are known as taisūrah (pl. tayāsīr) or mafḳir), a sheep is usually slaughtered on the corner tayāsīr. The feast given at this point is known as Ġadā al-Tayāsīr [3]. The blood lies on the tayāsīr, and the Djinn drink. Being grateful to the lord of the house, they leave him alone, and protect him from the other Djinn [4]. If however you should happen to be a poor man, you may not be able to afford to slaughter an animal on this occasion, but you give the workmen a meal. At least, in the past you gave the workmen a meal, but as they brought their children etc., with them, you used to find yourself giving thirty a meal, instead of ten or twelve. So this practice has now ceased, and a bargain is made that the men get food in kind, and money to buy meat, instead of having a meal provided for them.

At the placing of the cross-beams on top of the wooden or stone columns (tarkūb ishum, or ta'ḳīd ishum), the master of the new house provides a ḍiyāfah known as Ġadā Tarkūb Ishum, and also

[2] Cf. my article in *Le Muséon*, 62 (1949), p. 159.

[3] Ġadā is used in the Wādī Ḥaḍramawt and Wāḥidī territory to denote food provided in kind for an employee as part of his contract.

[4] I have a pamphlet by 'Abd al-Ḳādir b. Muḥ. al-Šibli of Ḥabbān where it was given me, entitled Toko « Singapore » (Singapore, 1352 H.) which mentions slaughtering on ('alā) the feet of the bride and groom at the Lailat al-Zafāf when the bride comes to her husband's house. Those who cannot buy a beast to sacrifice (ḏabīḥah) break eggs at their feet, a custom common enough in Ḥaḍramawt where I have often seen eggs lying broken outside rooms in which newly-born children lay. An opinion on the practice is cited. « If the ḏabīḥah is slaughtered at the feet of the bride and groom, its religious injuriousness is known, for it is slaughtering out of fear of something other than God, such as the Djinn or the Šaiṭāns. This arises from the belief that if the ḏabīḥah is not slaughtered, then a touching (mass) from the Djinn will befall them. Slaughtering at that time is therefore forbidden. »

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a gratuity (dihn, lit. oil, sesame-oil being intended [5]) for the carpenter (nadjdjār), and the architect mu'allim. In Tarīm I dealt with a carpenter called 'Awaḍ Bā Ḥaŝwān of the Āl Bā Ḥaŝwān all of whom were carpenters, apart from a few silversmiths. 'Awaḍ knew of eight ancestors who were carpenters. This gratuity (taġrīb) *pourboire* or *douceur* is usually a riyāl or two [6]. One says for instance, Dī ḳahwah lak, 'this is a little present for you', or Bā A'ṭīk ḳahwah yābisah, 'I'm going to give you a little present of money'.

When the house is actually being built, the neighbours bring the ḥaddāmīn who are working on it a copper kettle (dallah [7]) full of coffee, as an ikrām lak, 'a kindness to you', as master of the house. In Tarīm being a neighbour implies unwritten duties rather more obligatory than such kindnesses as obtain between neighbours in Western Europe. Each time the coffee comes the workmen halloo (yiḥawwilūn), and sing formulae of the type quoted supra, and they cease working until they have finished the coffee [8]. The people of the Quarter [9] used to make a big copper ṭuss (derived from the Persian taŝt) of ḳahwah, carried in a basket with two handles, for the builders, as a kindness to the owner of the house (ikrām li-ṣāḥib al-bait) at the Day of the Foundation (Nahār al-Sās). In return the master of the house would give them a little money present.

When the doors and windows of the house are completed, the carpenters get a meal (ġadā) or entertainment over and above their salary. At the completion of the building of the house, the mu'allim gets a customary present (luh 'ādah) which is called ḳuṣū'ah, and which is usually about ten riyāls. The term is applied to any such present given to terminate a job of work, or to terminate an engagement.

There is a law (ḳānūn) amongst the carpenters, (and one similar amongst the builders), that if you are tired of your carpenter, or

[5] In Aden bribery is euphemistically known as ḥaḳḳ al-saliṭ, ḥaḳḳ al-ḳahwah.

[6] For the riyāl or Maria Theresa dollar, see R. ANDREE, *Zur geographischen Verbreitung des Maria-Theresa Thalers, Mitt. der K. K. Geogr. Gesellschaft in Wien*, xvii (1874), p. 267-71.

[7] A small example of the South Arabian dallah, I brought back to the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Cambridge.

[8] Ḥaḍrami coffee is made from the husk, a few berries, ginger and other spices.

[9] See my article in *Le Muséon* cited above.

Th: Thomas T-5 (no date) 1932. MM2 Hadhramaut MM 2

The tribes of the Central South have a poor reputation as regards the *radud-as-salaam*.[1] The *radud-as-salaam* merely means that when two persons meet, between whose tribes there is blood or other enmity, and one says to the other—"Peace be upon you" and the other replies "And upon you be peace," they have buried the hatchet for the nonce. For one now to take advantage of the other and slay him in his sleep, for instance, would in any other part of Arabia be the deepest treachery. Not so amongst this lawless brood, however. That it may happen elsewhere is possible, but normally the offender would be hounded out of his own tribe or be required to make some requital and his name would be for ever smirched. These non-Arabic speaking tribes of the Central South have no such regard for the elsewhere universal law. They also observe in the breach what is elsewhere a fixed canon, the *thamn-al-bats* or "stomach price." This is an elaboration of the law of three days' hospitality. If a Badu has eaten the salt of a man his goods are safe for a period of four days and four nights, the time for the last vestige of food to have passed from his body. If the Badu's tribe unwittingly raids the man during these four days they must and do return the loot. This *thamn-al-bats* is sacred with the other tribes of the southern fringe but not with the non-Arab group. Who and whence are these tribes? Indigenous? Of African origin? or have they a common origin with African tribes, or are none of these hypotheses tenable? Here is an almost black race of brachycephals, and brachycephaly properly belongs to Asia. The answer is for you to decide. History sheds but little light.

In the year A.D. 1325 Ibn Batuta, the great Moorish traveller and theologian, set out on his 25 years' travels through Egypt, Arabia, and Mesopotamia and elsewhere. He sojourned in Dhufar and amongst what he wrote of it was this:—"Another thing is that its people closely resemble the people of North-West Africa in their customs. . . . The outlying population is not Arab, but of a Sudanic type." Does Ibn Batuta help us?

The following discussion took place after the paper:—

Sir Arthur Keith said that Capt. Bertram Thomas had thrown light on one of the darkest anthropological corners of the world. It was now clear that the Southern Arabs were very different from the Northern Arabs—in almost every respect. If one sought to trace the affinities of the Southern Arabs by judging from their external appearances—as revealed in Capt. Thomas's photographs—one was immediately reminded of the native type of North-Eastern Africa. To his eye the Southern Arabs showed in their fuzzy hair and black—or dark brown—pigmentation of hair and skin, as well as in their facial features, distinct Hamitic or Somali-like affinities. On the other hand, Capt. Thomas's measurements of heads proved that the Southern Arabs differed from the Hamitic peoples of Africa and also from the Arabs of Northern Arabia in having skulls which were short and wide. The width of the heads of Southern Arabs was between 80 per cent. and 90 per cent. of the length. The Southern Arabs were distinctly and highly round-headed—or brachycephalic. Hamitic peoples and the Badawin (Arab) type of Northern and North-Western Arabia were usually long-headed or dolichocephalic. Thus Capt. Thomas's observations confirmed the data collected by Professor C. G. Seligman fourteen years ago that the people of Southern Arabia are round-headed or brachycephalic.

Although the Southern Arabs—who were of low stature, the men being usually about 64 inches in height—showed certain Hamitic traits in their features, yet these were overshadowed by others which proclaimed an affinity to the Caucasian or white stock of mankind. They were less fully bearded than the Northern Arab and yet more so than among Hamites. In some respects the South Arabian type bridged the difference between Semite and Hamite.

[1] It is only within comparatively recent times that the Bantuara would recognize the *rabia* at all.

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green. The eyebrows are shaven off and a finer line is painted in. The hair is shaven off all round the edge and greased stiff and pasted against the skull. All sorts of variations in the use of the above-mentioned aids to beauty are possible. To our taste the result is often more than ugly, not to say terrifying.

Never again were we received with so much friendliness and with so little prejudice by Bedouin women. On later occasions they generally ran away screaming at our approach or hurled furious invectives at us. The people of this Ḥaiqī tribe seemed to know so little about their own religion that they were not yet infected with prejudice against *Naṣrānīs*.

Close to this camp the R.A.F. from Aden have made a landing ground for forced landings. The corners and the centre are marked out by broad lines of chalk. The big aerodrome is on the coast near Fūwa, about three hours South-west of Makalla, and somewhere in the neighbourhood there is said to be a third one.

On the coral terraces grow jathropha and in the depressions aerva, a little bohar, and also incense bushes. There were swarms of young yellow grasshoppers all over the bare rocky ground. The path runs downwards towards a wādī, where fresh water from the Ghēl Bā Wazīr and salt water from the sea meet and mingle.

The village of Sheḥēr lies on the further shore and is said to have 1500 inhabitants, who live in mud huts. In a prominent position above it stands the chieftain's house, which is, at the same time, the villagers' fortress for defence against attack. A couple of rusted cannon lie on the terrace in front of the house. There are loop-holes on every floor in the thick mud walls and the window openings are small. Shēkh Elmās is to be our host: he receives us in a friendly way in his *madjlis*[1], and, at our request, is at once ready to have quarters prepared for us on the roof, but we have to wait till the women

[1] *Madjlis* (مجلس), lit.: "the place where one sits", and has come to mean: the reception-room, meeting, or company.

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have moved out to make room for us and the way is quite clear. Our host himself makes an inspection, to make sure that the feminine inhabitants are shut in behind closed doors before we are invited to follow him upstairs. It is glorious on the roof. We are free there from vermin, and mosquitoes, also, do not seem to come.

We beg urgently that no sheep be killed for us. It is difficult to persuade our generous host to accede to our unusual request, but he does at last realize that we have more desire for tea and fruit. A tray with glasses of tea is brought up to us and a second one with slices of melon, fresh figs, dates and sweets. Shēkh Elmās has seen something of the world; he is related to the Sultan's family and is not without a trace of Indian blood. His brother, the *ʿāmil*[1] of Ghēl Bā Wazīr, the headquarters for the cultivation of the celebrated Ḥumūmī tobacco, is staying with him and gives us a pressing invitation to visit that prosperous and beautiful bit of Arabia. We promised to try and touch at Ghēl Bā Wazīr on our return journey.

5. AN EXCURSION TO GHĒL BĀ WAZĪR.

Our way back to the coast from Terīm was so planned that we were unable to keep our promise to our host's brother. Yet we *did* visit Ghēl Bā Wazīr, but not until after our return to Makalla, when we had to wait several days for our boat to Aden. On June 24th we started for Ghēl Bā Wazīr, via Sheḥēr, in a car placed at our disposal, as before, by the Vizier of Makalla, Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Miḥḍār.

Behind the plateaus of coral formation along the coast is a shallow, extensive loess basin which is watered by a little stream, the Ghēl, having its source in the mountains lying behind the coast terraces. This basin with the strip of land suitable for irrigation, which lies by the banks of the Ghēl, is the chief area for the cultivation of the famous Ḥumūmī tobacco. The little town, which guards the entrance

[1] *ʿĀmil* (عامل), governor.

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a passage, opening onto roof-terraces where, at this time of the day, one is conscious of a breeze. The old blind Bā Ṣurra sits there surrounded by his counsellors and the chiefs of the allied Bedouin tribes. Bā Ṣurra rises with difficulty and gropes his way forward in order to greet us. He is a stately figure with a long, white beard, and his mind is still active and his voice clear. We are very tired and warm, and gratefully enjoy the small cups of bitter coffee and the endless glasses of hot, sweet tea which succeed them. The young slave, who makes the tea in a samovar, asks whether we wish for Ceylon or Java tea. Lumps are broken off a sugar loaf with iron pincers and are dropped into the glasses. Afterwards we are offered dates and tinned pine-apple. Bā Ṣurra gives us the choice between lodging in the castle or in a house in the town. We decide upon the latter and go there in procession, accompanied by soldiers and by grandsons and grand-nephews of the *Ḥākim*.[1]

The house is five storeys high and stands at the edge of the village of ʿŌra, and from our roof we look down upon the crowns of date-palms. Our quarters are uninhabited and clean; Bā Ṣurra has had carpets laid in the room, which we share with Sayyid ʿAluwī. All our hangers-on follow us upstairs and remain to watch and see what wonderful things emerge from our luggage. The fine, clever-looking descendants of the Governor put many questions to us and tell us much, and seem to be quite comfortable in the packed and stuffily hot room. It is with difficulty that we get rid of the crowd. The boys help in this, but, having accomplished it, do not dream of taking their own departure! They only stroll off at last under the promise that they may return in a couple of hours' time.

After the lapse of an hour three little boys come and will not be denied; they have an urgent message for us, they say, and with self-assurance they relate that their father has the

[1] *Ḥākim* (حاكم), governor, magistrate.

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its fine strategic position once commanded the great route from the coast to Ḥaḍramaut. Within the gate the streets also mount steeply. The town gives an impression of decay; there are few tall or fine houses, the white colour of prosperity is to be seen on hardly a single one of them; the town is grey-brown as the mountain against which it stands.

We stop in front of a double house that is built over a small side-street. Sayyid Muḥammad bin Sālim bin ʿAbdarraḥmān Āl Qāf, the man to whom we were given an introduction by our host in Dōʿan, is said to live here. The letter is taken in, the door closed again, and we wait in the shadow of the narrow, overarched street. Time passes and we ask ourselves anxiously whether the *Efrendjīs* are perhaps not welcome in this house. No, that is not the case, but a double wedding is being celebrated at this moment, and the house is therefore full of women, who have to be removed and shut up, before our company can be allowed to enter. At last this stage is reached and we are taken to an apartment which shows signs of having been very much inhabited. It is warm there and not clean, and, although we already fill the room, a number of inquisitive people force themselves in. The master of the house himself as well as his snivelling small son appear to have economised water for all other purposes than washing. But his friendly glance and hearty welcome make everything all right at once.

It is perhaps here timely to pay grateful tribute to the wonderful hospitality of the Arabs. Who, in the West, would hide his disappointment at having a wedding feast broken in upon by a whole caravan of tired and hungry men? Who amongst us would immediately throw open his whole house to the travellers, "the sons of the road", himself bring water to slake their thirst, and immediately prepare food to strengthen them?

Life is democratic here. In the reception-room, which is chock-full, sit slaves, servants, children and master all together, who drink out of the same bowl and pour out coffee

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when the gate is pushed open and a group of soldiers rush out with their guns at the attack. Our people are petrified with fright and call out that we belong to the *Dōla* (the Government). Then the guns drop and the sound of a greeting reaches us, but our chauffeurs drive on as fast as possible, so as to escape from this hostile place.

We now enter the district belonging to the third party, with el-ʿUqda as its headquarters, where the rich Shēkh Sālim bin Djaʿfar bin Ṭālib lives. We are to pay a call upon him. He gave us a pressing invitation to do so on the outward journey, but, at that time, the Sultan of Shibām, who had undertaken our transport arrangements, gave orders to avoid the war zone. Shēkh Sālim is a Dutch subject; he possesses a great fortune, amassed in Surabaya, and was one of the well-known Ḥaḍramīs of that city.

The country round el-ʿUqda is a paradise of beauty. White and light-grey palaces, with rows of big windows and fine points and pinnacles along the edges of the roofs, are scattered among the plantations of young palm-trees. Behind this gay green and white colouring is the yellowish-brown of the rock. In the gardens are also many bushes of lemon and pomegranate and papayas. The buildings in which Shēkh Sālim lives are surrounded by a high wall, with a colossal wooden gate covered with sheet iron, which gives entrance to a courtyard. The outposts here have done their duty and given notive of our arrival, and the gate has been thrown wide open and Shēkh Sālim himself, surrounded by soldiers and children, stands there to give us welcome. The pro-Dutch sentiments of the grey-headed Shēkh are well known, and we have no need to doubt for one moment that our welcome here comes from the heart. Conversation is carried on in the Malay language, in compliment to the presence of a government official of Netherlands India. This creates an intimate atmosphere and offers the advantage that the soldiers and children cannot follow what is said. The great *madjlis* of this imposing building becomes speedily filled with a crowd of inter-

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574 ested people who, according to the custom of the country, may not be excluded. It is a great disappointment for our host, who seems to have a great deal on his mind, that we are obliged to refuse quite definitely his invitation to stay for a few days and that we must really be in Shibām before nightfall.

722 Now that the time is so short, he goes ahead at once. An outspoken talk over the misery here follows on my question why he does not prefer to live in safety in his beautiful house at Surabaya rather than be a virtual prisoner in this his own palace in el-ʿUqda. He would indeed much rather look after his affairs in Java, but must be here now as head of his family

728 and defender of its interests. War has been going on for the past six years, more and ever more blood is shed, and the constantly recurring cry for vengeance removes all prospect of the peace so much desired. It does not appear as if the war can be ended without the intervention of a powerful outsider. He presses the point with the greatst earnestness that our Government should mediate between the contesting parties. England has failed: shortly after the outbreak of the struggle the *wālī* in Aden had proposed a six months' truce and summoned the leaders on both sides. They went and waited at Aden for four months in hope of a solution, and waited in vain. The *wālī* did not understand the matter, his expert assistant went away shortly on leave, and they were soon at the mercy of a corrupt and corruptible Indian interpreter. The leaders of the tribes at war returned to Ḥaḍramaut without having achieved any result. If the Government of Netherlands India would only do so, it could bid hostilities cease without direct intervention, for this reason: the country is full of Dutch subjects having great financial interests in Java. If our Indian Government were merely to threaten, with banishment and confiscation of property, those who did not at once force their families in Ḥaḍramaut to cease hostilities, then peace would be assured. This sounded very logical. Ready interpreters gave a short account of our host's suggestions to the members of the invested garrison, who listened with great interest and

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was also no large supply of fodder; we could only buy thirty bundles of dried *dhura* stalks, which cost us one *riyāl*. The *riyāl* seemed to be the only coin in use; for a half *riyāl* one could buy nothing. Our help was asked for a sick camel which, we were told, had been bitten by a snake. The local camel doctor had smeared the animal with a black salve and had cut off half of its ears. A sick man, who was obviously suffering from elephantiasis, told us that he had been hissed at by a snake. With regret we had to explain that we travelled without our medicine-chest and were unprovided with means for helping against the dangerous snakes of the country.

3. ʿRĒDET ED-DEYYIN.

We went on our way very soon, in the hope of reaching er-Rēda, the central point of the settlements of the Deyyin Bedouins, that evening. There lives the chief whose acquaintance we had made at Bā Ṣurra's castle. It was long after sundown when we approached Shēkh ʿUthmān's village, Nejēdēn. We stumbled on through the darkness, following the camels, till we came to cultivated land with a few dried-up *sibq* trees dotted about here and there. The village showed no sign of a friendly, inviting light; the fortress-like houses resembled nothing but black cubes. Directly the watch-dogs heard us they proceeded to attack us, barking furiously, and this noise roused life in the houses: first there were questioning voices and then a few lights. We kept the dogs at bay with stones and, aided by information proceeding from the closed houses, found our way to Shēkh ʿUthmān's dwelling, which was a miserable-looking, low building with nothing attractive about it. We awakened the inhabitants by our shouts and, with distrustful aversion, they admitted us to a large room with an earthen floor where we sat down on our travelling rugs. Our hopes of a speedy sleep after this very tiring day

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574 soon vanished when we saw dark figures looming up in increasing numbers out of the mysterious darkness; they had come to shake hands and they sat down and joined the circle of very bold questioners. Shēkh ᶜUthmān was again in Wādī Dōᶜan with the Governor, Bā Ṣurra; he had not told his sons about his meeting with us and so we had to give a detailed account of it. Only then did they tell us that we were welcome and served us with coffee. We were literally stormed with visitors, who were unblushing in their questions. Our sayyid did not help at all to uphold our prestige; when our welcome took place he saw to it that his hand was kissed and gave the information that we were only ordinary mortals, "Bedouins from Europe", a handicap we had to try and get the better of in the conversation that followed. I attempted this by leading up to the subject of the Holy Land and telling about conditions there and about Bin Saᶜūd and his *ikhwān.*[1] Then, when everyone was listening attentively, I asked our sayyid quite casually: "Of course you have made the *ḥadjdj.* Tell us all about it!" He was then obliged to confess that he had not been to Mecca, and if he tried to swank again by saying that he had seen the world and had been, among other places, to Aden and Zanzibar, my obvious answer was: "I should have thought that your first journey would have been to Mecca and not one in search of wealth." There was nothing left for the pious sayyid after this but to reply: "If God wills I shall yet go to Mecca."

000 The Deyyin Bedouins give the impression of being primitive folk, dirty, poor and having little touch with the outside world. Their long, curly hair hangs round their faces and over their shoulders. On the following morning, when we had got rid of our sayyid, they turned out to be more friendly towards us and more ready to help than we had anticipated. That

104 [1] *Ikhwān* (إخوان) is the plural of *akh* (أخ), which means "brother". King Ibn Saᶜūd, the great *Wahhābī* leader of Central Arabia, founded colonies of *ikhwān,* with whom he conquered the whole of Central Arabia and the Holy Land of Islām.

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rugs or mats, or on cushions placed around or under the windows. A very low table, or a special circular mat, is put in the middle of the room for meals. Rough but solidly made coffers and cupboards are much used for clothes, silver, books, or domestic utensils. Lighting is by lamps of a very primitive form, which burn petroleum or, more commonly, sesame oil. The walls carry little or nothing of ornament, though the tribesmen sometimes adorn them with their arms, banners, or hunting equipment. A bathroom is usually found on each floor of a house, all being situated one above the other, the waste water running off by pipes through the wall; the apparatus consisting merely of a vessel from which water is poured over the body.

Wheaten or maize bread, dried dates, eggs, and meat (of sheep or poultry), taken in meagre amounts and usually in some form of soup or stew, form the staple foods; rice is not largely eaten; the people on the coast consume much fish; but only the Bedouin ever eat game. Butter, oil, and honey are much used; also spices, onions, and garlic, and much salad and green vegetables. Fruits, with the exception of the date, are considered as delicacies. Coffee is much drunk in the houses between meals, but there are no public cafés. It is customary for all persons paying visits to bring along with them some coffee-beans wrapped in the turban or plaid (*rādi*); when the party is complete these are collected by the host, and the coffee is prepared in the manner common to all the East. Before drinking, the name of Sheikh 'Ali ibn 'Omar esh-Shadhli, whose tomb is at Mocha, is invoked, he being reputed to have been the first to discover the stimulating properties of the berry.

Very few servants are kept in most houses, even in those of the well-to-do; the housework and cooking are done by the housewife and the daughters, with the aid, in case of stress, of help called in from other branches of the family, friends, or neighbours. Only the very rich have slaves, and these are treated more as members of the household than as property; for this reason slaves rarely desire to be freed. All slaves in the Hadhramaut are Moslems; even if they come from a Christian or pagan country, they are forced to embrace Islam. But marriage between free persons and slaves is extremely rare.

Dancing is regarded in the Hadhramaut as permissible, but never among persons of two sexes, and the Seyyids and townsmen usually abstain from it. The music is made by a primitive form of guitar (*qanbus*), a large oblong drum, and three or four small drums, the players often accompanying their music with